

The Home Page.

SILENCE. When smitten, thou didst feel the rod; Be still and leave thy cause with God.

When secret arts and open foe Conspire thy peace to overthrow, In silence learn the hidden power

LIFE'S TAPESTRY. Too long, have I, methought, with tearful eye Pored o'er this tangled work of mine, and mused.

Above each stitch avy and thread confused; Now will I think on what in years gone by I heard of them that weave rare tapestry

A LOCOMOTIVE HERO.

Well gentleman, if you wish it, I'll tell you the story. When I was a youth of nineteen and lived with my parents in a Pennsylvania town, I had a taste for rail-raiding

During my college vacation I lounged about the station almost constantly, making friends with the trainmen, and especially with a driver named Silas Markley.

He was my ideal of a brave, skillful thoroughbred driver, and I looked up to him as something of a hero. He was not a married man but lived alone with his old mother.

When Markley's freeman left him, I induced him to let me take his place during the remainder of my vacation. He hesitated for some time before he consented to humor my boyish whim.

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THE HEROINE OF IVANHOE.

BY J. MAX HARK. An old local tradition among the comfortable citizens of the prosperous inland City of Lancaster, Pa., led me to make a pilgrimage

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persuaded himself. And such is the nature of him that he can convince himself of anything which it is his interest to believe.

These are the persons who are regarded as our wisest. It was not always so. It is not so now with nations who are in a sound state of health. The Americans, when they choose a President or a Secretary of State or any functionary from whom they require wise action, do not select these famous speech-makers.

Whether Mr. Irving possessed a portrait of Miss Gratz or not is not positively known. I am inclined to think it more than probable that he did; and if so that he must have shown it to the author of Ivanhoe, for the description of her personal appearance by the latter is so accurate a reproduction of the portrait of the lady yet extant, and corresponds so nearly with the recollection of her brilliant beauty by those who saw her even in her old age, that it can scarcely be accounted for on any other supposition.

The good St. Francis of Assisi once stepped down into the cloisters of his monastery, and laying his hand on the shoulder of a young monk said, "Brother, let us go down into the town and preach." So they went forth, the venerable father and the young man. And they walked along upon their way, conversing as they went. They wound their way down the principal streets, round the lowly alleys and lanes, and even to the outskirts of the town, and to the village beyond, till they found themselves back at the monastery again.

"What is the secret by which you do your work so beautifully?" The questioner held in her hand an exquisite piece of crochet work wrought by the lady to whom the question was addressed.

"There is no secret about it," replied the lady; "I only make every stitch as perfect as I can, and am careful to put it exactly in the right place. There isn't one wrong or careless stitch in all that work. If I make a mistake I unravel it out and correct it."

The noblest lives are lived—one moment at a time. No moments wasted; no moments carelessly spent; no moments viciously spent. Wrong stitches in crochets can be unravelled and made right. Wrong stitches in garments can be picked out and put in again right. But who can reverse the tide of time, and undo a wrong act and make it right?

One stitch at a time! Sometimes we allow ourselves to become confused with the thought or feeling that we have a dozen things to do at once. But that is a mistake. We can do but one thing at a time, think one thing at a time, speak one word at a time, see one thing at a time. For every duty really required of us, we have time given to do it in. We may pass rapidly from one task to another, we may construct machinery by which much of our work may be done simultaneously, and we thus multiply our executive power, but to live two minutes at once no mortal can do, any more than we can recall one act or one moment of the past.

When the Lord me sorrow sends, Let me bear it patiently, Lifting up the heart in prayer, Comfort he will not deny.

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE BLONDE. A highly interesting question is now being agitated in Europe. It has been asserted that there has been a gradual decrease of blondes in Germany.

Dr. Beddoes, of England, has collected a number of statistics which seem to point in the same direction. Among 726 women he examined, he found 369 brunettes and 357 blondes. Of the brunettes he found that 79 per cent were married, while of the blondes only 63 per cent were married.

In France a similar view has been put forth by M. Adolphe de Condolle. M. de Condolle found that when both parents have eyes of the same color 88 per cent inherit this color.

It seems that with different colored eyes in the two parents 53 per cent follow the father in being dark eyed, and 50 per cent follow the mother in being dark eyed.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE "OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET." A recent criminal trial in London, England, in which the conversion of a New York draft into bank of England notes formed a perfect link in the chain of evidence by which the prisoners were convicted, suggests a brief description of the bank's method with regard to its issues, says The Financier.

The paper on which the notes are printed is made by a private factory in Yorkshire under strictly guarded conditions, and with the water mark which is so conspicuous a feature. It is of silvery white and so strong that it will sustain fifty pounds weight when suspended at the corners.

Each individual note as soon as issued has its number, letter, date and denomination placed to its debit in a ledger account, the per contra being filled on the return of the note, perhaps the next day, perhaps in fifty years' time.

THE LOWEST DENOMINATION NOW ISSUED IS £5, THE HIGHEST £10,000. A notable feature of the Bank of England note when compared with that of other issues and countries, is its crispness and clearness. The simplicity of design and clearness of lettering and figuring are also very conspicuous.

Two-thirds of the amount of a generous ration for a cow, says the Dairyman, goes to keep the cow alive and in health and vigor. All the money there is, or can be made, by feeding her is made out of the other third. To put it in another form, the first two-thirds is lost—the last third is sold for three prices to the cow.

It is the rule in all London banking houses, and in most private establishments, to record the date and number of every bank note passing through their hands, together with the name of the person presenting it.

It is true economy in hatching with hens to set more than one at the same time and with the same variety of eggs. The chicks of pure bred fowls come mostly uniform in color, and when a hen is acquainted with the extremes of the brood that covers all in between, the union of flocks becomes then a very simple matter.

THE "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," as the Londoner lovingly calls the institution, which, next to his queen, he most deeply reveres, is very liberal when dealing with cases of notes destroyed or mutilated.

The actual cost of each Bank of England note issued is about five cents. An ordinary day's issue of notes, with a corresponding number cancelled is from 20,000 to 30,000; but when a forgery is known to be afloat all of that particular denomination are poured in by their holders for exchange or redemption, and as many as 80,000 notes under such circumstances have been presented and cancelled in one day.

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Farm, Home and Garden.

HOME DECORATIONS. One of the leading "fads" of the moment is the rose jar; this may be of any size or of any choice ware, although the Oriental-looking Satsuma is most frequently chosen.

Novel ideas in the way of minor decorations are constantly coming up, and these pretty trifles tend especially toward beautifying our homes. Palm-leaf fans are graceful subjects for much ornamentation. They are bronzed or gilded, tied in bunches with huge bows of satin ribbon and tacked to the walls, or they are hand painted.

Some ingenious person has invented a means of utility for the thousands of wooden plates thrown upon the market for decoration. Two of them are stitched to the edge of one bias piece of satin, leaving a top edge for an opening, thus forming a useful and very pretty little catch-all.

Now-a-days an ingenious woman can manufacture an endless array of useful and ornamental things at a small cost. Wooden boxes, covered with bright colored figured silk, and ornamented with tassels and ribbon loops, make pretty receptacles in a bed chamber for boots and slippers and other minor accessories.

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GROWTH OF TREES. Cultivated in groves, the average growth in twelve years of several varieties of hard wood has been ascertained to be about as follows: White maple reaches 1 foot in diameter and 30 feet in height; ash, leaf maple or box elder, 1 foot in diameter and 20 feet in height; white willow, 18 inches and 40 feet; yellow poplar, 18 inches and 35 feet; Lombardy poplar, 10 inches and 40 feet; blue and white ash, 10 inches and 25 feet; black walnut and butternut, 10 inches and 20 feet.

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